

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Svo. pp. 354. London, 1820.

THE author of the 'Sketch Book' had no need to deprecate the censure of the critics, or to solicit from them 'that courtesy and candour which a stranger has some right to claim, who presents himself at the threshold of a hospitable mansion,' since the consciousness of his own talents, and the approbation his work met with while publishing in numbers in America, must have made him confident of ensuring public approbation.

Among the seventeen sketches of which this work consists, there is one on 'English Writers on America,' in which the author complains of the illiberality with which we treat American literature; and which he attributes to the following causes:—

'It has also been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travellers. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds have been envoys from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America. From such sources she is content to receive her information respecting a country in a singular state of moral and physical development; a country in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing, and which presents the most profound and momentous studies to the statesman and the philosopher.

'That such men should give prejudiced accounts of America, is not a matter of surprise. The themes it offers for contemplation are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indications of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers, who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly-finished, and over-populous state of society; where the ranks of useful labour are crowded, and many earn a painful and servile subsistence, by studying the very caprices of appetite and self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all important in the estimation of narrow minds; which either do not perceive, or will not acknowledge, that they are more than counterbalanced among us, by great and generally diffused blessings.'

The author assures us, that the general impression in

England, that the people of the United States are inimical to the parent state, is so far from being true, that, collectively speaking, the prepossessions of the people are strongly in favour of England:—

'Indeed, at one time they amounted, in many parts of the union, to an absurd degree of bigotry. The bare name of Englishman was a passport to the confidence and hospitality of every family, and too often gave a transient currency to the worthless and the ungrateful. Throughout the country there was something of enthusiasm connected with the idea of England. We looked to it with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration, as the land of our forefathers—the august repository of the monuments and antiquities of our race—the birth-place and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history. After our own country, there was none in whose glory we more delighted—none whose good opinion we were more anxious to possess—none towards which our hearts yearned with such throbbings of warm consanguinity. Even during the late war, whenever there was the least opportunity for kind feelings to spring forth, it was the delight of the generous spirits of our country to show that, in the midst of hostilities, they still kept alive the sparks of future friendship.

'Is all this to be at an end? Is this golden band of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken for ever?—Perhaps it is for the best—it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage, interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie! and there are feelings dearer than interest—closer to the heart than pride—that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent, that would repel the affections of the child.'

Whatever the Americans may be generally, our author is certainly above those prejudices, and is very anxious that the conduct he attributes to England in this respect, should not be imitated by his countrymen, whom he warns in language so energetic, and so highly honourable to his liberality, that we cannot omit the passage:—

'But above all, let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily an imitative one, and must take our examples and models, in a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an

edifice, that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.'

But notwithstanding all that our author has said, and ably as he has pleaded the cause of his countrymen, we agree with a cotemporary* in thinking that 'there are two American authors only whose genius has reason to complain of British neglect, and with a very great deal of reason both unquestionably may do so; namely, Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving.'

Mr. Brown, who has been dead many years, was a novel writer of considerable talents, who has not been inaptly compared to Godwin. He was the author of 'Wieland,' 'Ormond,' 'Arthur Mervyn,' and 'Edgar Huntly,' works very popular on the other side of the Atlantic, and admired by all who have read them in England.

Washington Irving is the sole author of the Sketch Book, a periodical work, published at New York, and from which the present volume has been formed under his immediate direction. An earlier production of his, which attracted much attention in the United States, but is scarcely known in Europe, was 'A History of New York,' by Diedrick Knickerbocker; a work which, although of a local nature, displays so much true genius, that we hope our Arcadian friend, Mr. Miller, will follow up his publication of the Sketch Book, by a reprint of this singular production of the same author.

The Sketch Book consists of powerful delineations of the incidents which more particularly attracted the notice of the author, in a voyage to Europe; many of them have an immediate reference to England, with the customs and peculiarities of which he seems most intimately acquainted. The first sketch is the 'Voyage,' in which the author most powerfully portrays the feelings by which he was actuated, at different periods, from quitting his native shores, until he stepped upon the land of his forefathers, but felt that he was a stranger in that land. The following extract from this Sketch possesses great beauty of expression, as well as pathos:—

'Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence. What a glorious monument of human invention! that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

'We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months: clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship; what prayers of-

fered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep. How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair. Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"'

Mr. Roscoe, whom the author saw at Liverpool, is the next subject of his pen; but we forbear, for the present, extracting from any more of his Sketches, in order to give one of them entire. It is an affective narrative, and founded on truth. The subject has been noticed in a former number of this work, in our review of the 'Life of Curran.' The sketch is entitled,—

'THE BROKEN HEART.'

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose."
Middleton.

'It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

'Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

'To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

'But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

'How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying

* Blackwood's Magazine for February.

on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low;—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

‘She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

‘I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied, that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

‘Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E—, the Irish patriot, it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

‘But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman’s first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

‘But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that

could sooth the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

‘To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father’s displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

‘The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

‘The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another’s.

‘He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

‘It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov’d awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!”

He had liv'd for his love—for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.
 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow."

(To be continued.)

Comic Tales, in Verse; written for the Author's Amusement, and published for the Reader's Edification: preceded by a Poetical Protest against Oblivio Shelf, Esq.
 By Two Franks. 12mo. pp. 156. London, 1820.

It is not a little remarkable, that in the numerous list of candidates for poetic fame, so few court the comic muse; there are too many of the opposite cast: 'purling streams' and woodbine bowers,' with a small display of sentiment, form the principal theses of minor poets, and require but little skill, while the writer of a comic tale in verse, must unite wit and vivacity to poetic talent. These qualities Peter Pindar combined in a remarkable degree, but they were prostituted to the worst of purposes,—that of gratifying his personal enmities or satirizing real worth. George Colman's comic efforts were of a very different character, his only object, by his 'Broad Grins,' being to excite the loud laughs of his readers.

Since the publications of Colman, we have met with no work of the kind so well calculated to excite the risible faculties as the 'Comic Tales' of the Two Franks; if rich humour, conveyed in smooth verse, may be supposed to have that effect. The subject of one or two of the tales is not new, but the manner in which they are related is sufficiently ingenious and amusing to counterbalance that objection; and, received as a whole, there are very few works, especially poetical ones, which display so much originality of genius. The protest to Oblivio Shelf, Esq. possesses much humour, and would of itself be sufficient to avert the fate the poet deprecates; the following is the commencement of it:—

'Know all men, by these presents, We
 Aspire to immortality,
 And think this method far the fittest,
 To give a taste of what our wit *est*:
 On which we claim to be exempt
 From sinking into vile contempt.
 We have two coats that yawn for stitches,
 With two indifferent pair of br—es;
 We seldom eat, we seldom drink,
 We gaze on many a straw-stuff'd chink:
 We've ta'en a garret, *barely* proof
 'Gainst rain or snow-drops at the roof;
 Yea, you must toil a good score miles,
 To find a roof so bare of tiles!
 But, 'twou'd be Inspiration's slaughter,
 To block out heaven's own wind and water;
 To think and breath in dusky twilight,
 When we can have so much good *sky*-light!
 To sit, when dinner time arrives,
 With unemployed thoughts and knives;
 When we can let in Mister Phæbus,
 And feast upon a rhyme or rebus!
 Or fancy, through the grinning rafters,
 The sailing clouds, bright fairy wafers!
 Thus qualified, in such a station,
 We write with *loftiest* inspiration!
 And surely none will dare refuse us
 A reading, ere they 'gin to abuse us:

Then thumb and dogsear as you will,
 So that you do but read us still;
 Cut up, deface us, or dissect us,
 But do not, do not, quite neglect us!
 For that monopolizer, *Shelf*,
 That stationery-dealing elf,
 Who keeps for letter-press a *depôt*,
 And causeth unread bards to weep O,
 Is ever adding to his store,
 And we shall be prick'd down "two more,"
 Unless you keep us from his shelves,
 By boldly reading us yourselves.'

From the sixteen Comic Tales which this volume includes, we insert three as specimens of the authors' talents; although they are scarcely unknown to our readers, since the 'Two Franks' have often enlivened the poetical department of the *Literary Chronicle*, by their communications under the signatures of 'O. F.' and 'Y. F.' The following tale is by Old Frank:—

THE TRAVELLER: A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

AN INN TALE.

AN Irish traveller went to an inn—
 That is you know, for every station,
 A temporary habitation,
 Where each may fret and strut his hour
 On life's brief stage,
 And prove his consequence, and shew his power.

An inn is life's epitome,
 And a wise saw to borrow,
 Which shews of life the brevity—
 We *come* to-day—and *go* to-morrow.

But cease this moralizing strain,
 And we'll resume our tale again.—
 Our traveller safe, thus we begin,
 His first best thought was to engage
 A lodging for the night;
 Th' inquiry made—the quick reply
 Was, that he might,
 If he would *lie*
 In *half* a bed;

This puzzl'd Paddy's head!
 Because, thinks he, if crossways cut,
 The *length* is much too *short*;
 And if slit down the middle, tut!
 Why then the *width's* too *narrow*;
 So it were best he thought
 To know at once,

Rather than pother his poor sconce,
 The *truth* about this *lying* mode,
 Before he took his new abode.
 This point explain'd, each drowsy guest
 Betook himself to needful rest;
 And in due time the chambermaid,
 Of mortal man no whit afraid,
 Went for the candle—and quick returning,
 Brought the candle burning;
 But had you seen her laughing fits,
 You'd ha' thought the girl had lost her wits!
 As soon as she could speak, she vow'd,
 Thunder was never half so loud!
 Nay, were there hogs a score in
 The room, each lying with nine farrow,
 They could not match the sleepers' snoring!
 Perhaps you doubt the girl's veracity,
 Because she's in a low capacity;
 But *higher* folk than she can tell,
 That truth lies hidden in a well,
 And though they make a search profound,
 It is not *always* to be found.

Besides, some others heard the *strain*,
And thought the sleepers were in pain;
One said, perhaps they'd got the gripes,
Others, they played the *Union pipes*!
However, on they slept till morning,
When light was nature's face adorning.

In inns they do not measure guests
By beds—but bills;

And who most property invests
In mine host's funds, generally fills,
Or lays his head

In the best room—on the best bed.
Well, be it so, we'll not mind that,—
Somnus retir'd—and up woke Pat.
His chum, a tall descendant from the north,
High as his native Highlands, lay,
And soundly slept, and loudly snor'd away;

While slyly peeping forth,

As Pat awoke,

He saw two feet from out the bed-clothes poke;
Thinking they were his own poor pettitoes,
He jumps from bed, and covers them with clothes:
Returns to bed—the covering pulls amain,
When soon he spies the peeping feet again,—
Out quick he springs, the covering pulls once more,
When Sawney waking, with a scrub and roar,
Cries, "Hoot! hoot! loon,
Why dinna ye be quiet,
And let my feet alone?"

Pat quick replies,

In great surprise,

"Faith, honey! make no riot,

Devil take your feet, I thought they were my own!"

The lovers of punning, and we are convinced they are
more numerous than is generally represented, will be
pleased with a tale by Young Frank, entitled,—

'THE ESSENCE OF PUNNING.

LET merciless critics decry a good pun,
And strangle the cause of much innocent fun;
Yet, though the brat's crook'd, I'm so fond of his pre-
sence,

That, by jingo! I've got him reduc'd to an essence!
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:
If on a hearth-rug you should happen to slip,
Say, "the path was so rugged, 'twas that made me trip."

Punning Peter, one day, like poor Yorick of yore,
Was told that the *table* he kept in a *roar*;
"Then," said Peter, "this *broken old flap* I'll not hide,
"It has *roar'd*, I suppose, 'till it *crack'd* its old side!"
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:
Let the Ensign go boast of his *banners* and *rags*,
Pooh! a Londoner every day *walks upon flags*!

'Tis a very *bad habit*, some folks say to pun;
But a *bad habit*, surely, is better than *none*;
And if *wits go quite bare*, they're but laugh'd at for fools,
For being so silly to play with *edg'd tools*.

Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:
Sure the *felon*, uncensured, his fate may *bewail*;
When he sees only *bars*, why he surely may *rail*!

Peter Pun, at a party, one day was beset
By a jockey, who offer'd five guineas to bet,
That habit had put it quite out of his power
To remain without punning the space of an hour.
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:
You may *quarter* the *soldier* as oft as you please,
For he *lives best in quarters*, and most at his *ease*!

Peter thought, to this bet, he had better cry, "done!"—
But candidly own'd, to steer clear of a pun,
He must shut close his ears, and be silent as sleep,
Or out the young urchins would certainly creep.
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:
Once a *butcher* caught hold of a *thief* by the shank,
Recover'd his *buttock*, and gave him a *flank*!

Peter nibbled his thumbs, Peter play'd with his chin,
Resolv'd, if he could, the five guineas to win:
He walk'd to the window, he rubb'd up his locks,
He whistled—for there was a *man* in the *stocks*!
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockorum jig!—now for the pun:
Peter utter'd no *sentence*, to son or to daddy,
But *whistled a ditty*, call'd—"Through the Wood
Laddie!"

"A pun! Oh, a palpable pun!" cried the host,

"Or, if not a pun, it was surely its ghost."

"'Twas the *essence*," cried Peter, "and aptly you
"caught it,

"For, though I *spoke not*, yet I certainly *thought it*."

Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,

Hey cockorum jig!—now for a pun:

This story I *carried a very great way*,—

It's not *carried too far*, if you wish it to stay.

The next tale, though of a different character, is very
amusing, and few who read it, will avoid bewailing the
unfortunate loves of John Scrag and Peggy Griskin; it
is entitled,—

THE SALAMANDER; OR, JOHN SCRAG AND PEGGY GRISKIN.

A COCKNEY DITTY.

COME, girls and boys, and men and *women*,
I've a doleful tale to tell,
Will set your eyes with salt tears swimming,
And make your *buzums* for to swell!
And it's all about a Salamander,
See what *time* will bring to *light*.

John Scrag had long lov'd Peggy Griskin;
The flame his heart did sorely scorch;
When suddenly he found that *his skin*
Was as black as any torch!

And it's all, &c.

To Peggy Griskin then he go did;

"Oh, Peg!" says he, "I feel as if
"With squibs and brimstone I *was* loaded;
"If you doubt it, take a sniff!"

And it's all, &c.

"Oh, Peggy! I have courted you, now

"Seven long years this *wery* day,"
"Oh, law!" says she, don't look so blue, now,
"Or I shall surely faint *away*."

And it's all, &c.

"Oh! take compassion on my bowels,

"Consent to be John Scrag his *wife*;
"Oh! roll me in some nice *vet* towels,
"And *kill* my Salamander's *life*."

And it's all, &c.

"I'd sooner jump out of the *viader*,"

Quoth Peggy, "than *vith* you I'd *ved*;
"I should be *burnt* up to a *cinder*,
"And leave my *ashes* in the bed."

And it's all, &c.

Vith that, he squeak'd, and did exclaim out,
 " Sweet Salamander, *don't be rash!*
 " Oh! Peg! Peg! Peg! put, put the flame out!"
Vith that he *wanish'd* in a flash!
 And it's all, &c.

Then Peggy Griskin go to rest did,
 She dreamt the poker was red hot;
 And direful phantoms her infested,
Sich as never could be not.
 And it's all, &c.

Still, still, she saw the red-hot poker,
 And thought John thrust it through her ribs;
 " Oh, lard!" she squall'd, and that awoke her,
 " My heart feels full of hissing squibs."
 And it's all, &c.

She look'd, and there she saw John's spectre;
 The Salamander near him stood;
 And she *ax'd* John's spectre to *perfect* her;
 Says he, " I *vou'dn't*, if I could."
 And it's all, &c.

" That *Salamander* is *my heart*, Peg,
 " Kept by *you* in *flame* so long;
 " And, never will it from you part, Peg,
 " Amen!—Presto!—Bo!—Ding dong!"
 And it's all, &c.

The Salamander, then it grinn'd, ah!
 And seiz'd her round the waist so fair,
 And hugg'd her 'till she was a *cinder*,
 And only left her *ashes* there.
 And it's all, &c.

MORAL.

Then lovers, never so long tarry;
 You see the danger of delay:
 If you'd quench your flames—why marry!
 And the Salamander'll keep away
 And that's all, &c.

We confess we have been a good deal amused with these Comic Tales, and doubt not but that, from the specimens we have given, many of our readers will not rest satisfied until, like us, they have seen the work itself.

An Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, including various Political Observations relating to them. By William Wilkinson, Esq. late British Consul to the above-mentioned Principality. 8vo. pp. 294. London, 1820.

MR. WILKINSON has made a good use of the opportunities which his office as consul afforded him, in giving us an interesting account of a part of the eastern empire very little known. The work is by no means well written, and literary composition is evidently an employment to which Mr. W. has not been accustomed; the facts and details are not, however, on this account, the less valuable; indeed, his object appears to have been to collect and give information, without being very anxious as to the elegance of the language in which it is conveyed.

Moldavia and Wallachia were subjugated by the Turks, about two hundred years ago, since which they have been governed by a partial constitution, left them by the governors appointed by the Porte. The population of Wallachia is about 1,000,000, and that of Moldavia 500,000. Bukorest, the capital of Wallachia, contains 80,000 inhabitants, 366 churches, 20 monasteries, and 30 large *hamns*, or caravanseras. Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, is a smaller but better built town, with 40,000

inhabitants, and seventy churches. The streets of both are paved with thick pieces of timber thrown across, and fastened like a wooden bridge. Galatz, the seaport of the two principalities, is situated in Moldavia, but nearly touches Wallachia; it is situated at the beginning of the broadest and deepest part of the Danube, sixty miles distant from the Black Sea, sixty-five from Yassi, and seventy-two from Bukorest. Galatz is the principal market-place for the produce of the two principalities. The goods imported are principally from Germany; the cotton and woollen manufactures, hardware, glass, and earthenware, brought to their markets, are without exception German; but they are called English, and as such sold at higher prices than they would fetch were they known to be German. The consumption of woollen cloths is very extensive; that of the superfine qualities alone is valued at 200,000l. sterling every year. Some French cloths are imported, but they do not meet with much demand. Furs, which are much worn, are supplied from Russia, in exchange for brandy, wine, and imperial ducats.

The provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia want only the advantages of a well regulated government to render them flourishing. The harbour of Galatz is most favourably situated for commerce, and the fertility of the soil is very remarkable.

The most interesting part of this volume is the author's account of the manners and customs peculiar to this country, which he has detailed with considerable minuteness; we give an extract:—

" About two hundred and ten days of the year are holidays, and they are strictly observed by the inhabitants, as far, at least, as relates to the exclusion of all kinds of work. The public offices, although they have so great a portion of the year to remain inactive, are allowed besides, a fortnight's vacation at Easter, and during the hottest days of summer. In these useless and pernicious days of idleness, whilst the Boyars' chief occupation consists in seeking the means of killing time out of their homes, the lowest class spend it with their earnings, at the brandy shops, where prostitutes are kept for the purpose of attracting a greater number of customers, and of propagating with vice the most horrible of all the diseases with which human nature is afflicted.

" The number of this disgraceful class of females is so great at Bukorest, that the late aga, or police director, suggested to the prince the plan of levying a capitation tax on each, whereby he would create a new revenue of some thousand piasters. This plan, contrary to expectation, was not put into effect, though it was not likely to meet with obstacles.

" The manners of society among the Wallachian Boyars are not remarkable for refinement. The general topics of social conversation are of the most trivial nature, and subjects of an indecent kind frequently take the place of more becoming discourse; they are seldom discouraged by scruples of any ladies present.

" In the habitual state of inaction, brought on by a natural aversion to every serious occupation which does not immediately relate to personal interest, both sexes, enjoying the most extensive freedom of intercourse with each other, are easily led to clandestine connexion; the matrimonial faith has become merely nominal.

" Various other customs contribute to the domestic disorders prevailing in a great number of private families. Parents never marry their daughters, to whatever class they may belong, without allowing them dowries beyond the proportion of their own means, and to the great detriment of their male children, who, finding themselves unprovided for, look upon marriage as the means of securing a fortune, and consequently regard it as a mere matter of pecuniary spe-

culatation. Feelings of affection, or sentiments of esteem, are, therefore, out of the question in the pursuit of matrimonial engagements, and money remains the only object in view.

When a girl has reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, her parents become anxious to procure a husband for her. They do not wait for proposals, but make the first offers, sometimes to three or four men at a time, stating with them the amount and nature of the dowry they are disposed to give. They enter into a regular negociation when a greater amount is required, and finally settle with him who remains satisfied with the most reasonable terms. The inclinations of their daughter are never consulted on the occasion, and too great a disparity of age, or other personal defects on the part of the future husband, never appear to them objectionable. The girl is sometimes perfectly unacquainted with the man of her parents' choice; and, at her tender age, unable to form any judgment on the state of matrimony, she submits to their will with indifference. Not long after the nuptials, she is left perfect mistress of her actions, her domestic affairs are entirely put into the hands of the servants, and she never interferes with them. Neglected by her husband, and at full liberty to dispose of her time as she thinks proper, she forms connexions of intimacy with women more experienced in the world than herself. The attractions of pleasure and society become too strong to be resisted, and the example of others, with the numerous temptations that surround her, prove, sooner or later, fatal to her virtue. To the harmony which may have subsisted between her and her husband, succeeds disgust: quarrels soon follow, and blows sometimes are not spared on her. Her condition becomes at last intolerable, she quits her husband's house, sues for a divorce, and generally obtains it, however frivolous the plea in the true sense of the law.

The church of Wallachia and Moldavia is the only one, professing the Greek religion, that authorises divorce; or more properly speaking, the only one that abuses the power of pronouncing it, the authority being granted to the patriarch of Constantinople on occasions of the most particular nature, and indeed never made use of.

In the principalities, the sentence of divorce is pronounced so frequently, the motives alleged are sometimes so frivolous, that it never affects the reputation of a woman, so as to degrade her in her ordinary rank of society; nor does it in the least become a scruple to the delicacy of the men, whatever may have been the nature of its motive.

There are but few families at Bukorest who have long continued in an uninterrupted state of domestic harmony, and fewer still who can point out some relation who has not gone through a divorce.

Sometime back, a Wallachian lady of quality, who had brought but a small fortune to her husband, became desirous of fixing her residence in one of the principal streets of the town, and she pressed him to lay aside his accustomed system of economy, to sell his estate, the revenue of which gave them the principal means of support, and to build a fine house in that street. The husband, more reasonable than herself, positively refused to listen to her extravagant proposal; and the lady, incensed at his upbraiding her for it, quitted his house, and shortly after sued for a divorce, which she obtained. This lady, who has since remained single, professed great piety, and is still considered as a very pious woman.

Not long after, a young Boyar, contrary to custom, fell in love with a very beautiful young woman, of the same rank and age. The parents of both agreed on their union, and the nuptials were celebrated by public festivities. This couple was looked upon as the only one in the country whom a strong and mutual attachment had united. At the end of the first year the husband was suddenly attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and induced by the physicians' advice to separate himself for some time from his wife, and go to Vienna in order to consult the best medical men. After eighteen months' absence, finding himself perfectly recovered, he hastened back to Bukorest impatient to see his wife, to whom he had not ceased to write, but whose letters had latterly

become much less frequent. On his arrival he found the most unexpected changes in his family affairs. His wife had gone to her parents, refused to see him, and had already consented to marry another! Her father, who was the chief instigator of her sudden resolution, had negotiated the second marriage, because it suited his own interests.

The legitimate husband claimed his spouse through every possible channel; but he was not listened to, and government declined interfering.

The sentence of divorce was pronounced by the metropolitan; and, although the husband's refusal to sign the act rendered it perfectly illegal, the second marriage took place; the ceremony was performed by the archbishop in person, and public rejoicings were made on the occasion.

The circumstances of this adventure were the more remarkable, as the second husband had been married before, and divorced his wife after six weeks' cohabitation, when he saw the possibility of obtaining this lady's hand.

Another lady of the first rank separated her daughter from her husband, with whom she had lived six years, and caused a sentence of divorce to be pronounced. She gave for reason that her daughter's constitution suffered considerably by frequent pregnancy. The husband, who was by no means inclined to the separation, and who knew his wife to enjoy the best health, made remonstrances to no effect; and he was condemned by government to give back the dowry, and to pay damages to a considerable amount, for having spent a part of it, although he proved to have employed the deficient sum for the use of his wife and family.

The mode of instructing the Wallachians and Moldavians in the precepts of religion, is not, however, calculated to animate them with excessive zeal, and to propagate fanaticism. They are merely taught to plunge headlong into all the ridicules of superstition, the inseparable attendant of ignorance; and it is probably owing to the total absence of fanaticism that the priesthood exercise a less powerful influence here, than they do in other Greek countries. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries being of obscure origin, and mostly of the lowest extraction, they are personally despised by the Boyars. Their spiritual power is alone respected.

The rites ordained by the established church are the same as those of the patriarchal church. Persons who have not received baptism in it, are not considered as Christians, nor even honoured with the name of such.

Frequency of confession and communion, and the punctual observance of a vast number of fast-days, during the year, are prescribed with severity. They have become the most essential points of faith, and the people believe with confidence that an exact adherence to them is sufficient to expiate the heaviest crimes, particularly after the confessor's absolution, which, in most cases, is to be obtained by the means of a good fee.

In an appendix, the author gives a translation from a Turkish MS. of Ishelebi-Effendi, a dignitary of rank, entitled, 'an explanation of the Nizam-y-gedid (the new military) institution.' It is altogether a curious document, and presents a singular picture of Turkish military discipline.

In a former part of the work, Mr. Wilkinson gives us the following anecdote, relating to the negotiations between Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia, at Erfurth; where the fate of these promises of Wallachia and Moldavia was settled.

A plan of partition had been formed at Erfurth between the emperors Alexander and Napoleon by which the Turkish provinces were to fall to the share of Russia, and Spain to that of France. It was after this understanding between the two sovereigns that overtures were made to England. The English negociation took time, and before it came to a decided issue, Bonaparte declared to his senate that the princi-

palities of Wallachia and Moldavia were annexed to the dominions of his friend and ally the Emperor Alexander. When, however, Bonaparte found England determined to treat upon no basis which did not expressly admit of the evacuation of Spain, and that by entering into such terms he left a decided advantage to Russia with respect to Turkey, without reaping any benefit to himself from the political bargain made at Erfurth, he changed his views. The continental system, which he endeavoured to justify in attributing the general calamities of Europe to a tyrannical perseverance in war on the part of England, furnished him with a sufficient pretext for engaging Russia to continue her war against Turkey, who had just entered into terms of friendship with England. On the other hand, he prevailed upon the Turkish government to insist on the restitution of the principalities occupied by the Russian armies, and to continue hostilities so long as the Russian court should withhold its consent to that measure. His desire of keeping these two powers at variance with each other could not but increase when he had subsequently formed the plan of invading Russia, who, molested on one side by the Turks, and on the other by the Persians, was thus forced to employ considerable armies on distant frontiers.

'The exhausted state of Turkey, the mediation of England, and the impatience of Russia, who was pressed by the hostile preparations of France, evidently intended against her, hastened the conclusion of peace in 1812, between the Mussulman powers and the Russians.

This arrangement is not quite satisfactory to our author, who wishes the provinces to belong to Austria. This, however, is a subject on which politicians may be allowed to differ; and perhaps is not of much importance to the peace of Europe.

The Emigrant's Return, a Ballad; and other Poems.

By J. M. Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 166. London, 1820.

MR. BARTLETT, with the usual modesty of poets, thinks it necessary to apologize for obtruding these trifles upon the public, 'particularly as they are unauthorized by any political feeling.' Now we do not think political feeling at all essential to poetry nor even to prose; and we should not have thought the worse of Mr. Bartlett if he had avoided it as much in the one as the other. He has, however, kept the word of promise to the ear only, for his 'Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte' exhibits 'political feeling' strong enough to satisfy Sir Hudson Lowe himself. There is something unmanly in assailing a great man in his misfortune, and such the most inveterate of Bonaparte's enemies must allow him to be; but we have all heard that an ass will kick a dead lion.

The ballad of the Emigrant's Return is, we are told, founded on fact, having been suggested by the circumstance of a French gentleman, who had been an exile in England, finding on his return to France, his wife and daughter living in retirement, whom he believed had perished in the revolution. The subject is a good one for a poem, and there are several pretty stanzas in it; but we do not think ballad writing Mr. Bartlett's forte, and we have been much better pleased with some of his minor pieces. The 'Tribute to the memory of Mr. Charles Dibdin,' has our warmest approbation; it is an eulogy worthy of the subject. Mr. Bartlett feels, as every man must feel, the cold and chilling neglect with which our 'native Ossian' was treated, by a nation who was under the most lasting obligations to his truly patriotic muse.

As we have only room for one short extract, we insert

a song, 'Hope's Dream,' which, although not selected as the best of Mr. Bartlett's productions, gives a very fair specimen of his talents, and of the volume before us:—

'LIGHT danced the breeze on pleasure's stream,
To Fancy's eye, when hope was young;
And joy reflected back the gleam,
Which pleasing expectation flung.
But ah! too soon dissolved the dream—
And, as the meteor melts in air,—
The radiance of its parting beam
Deepens the gloom of dumb despair.
Past joys, farewell! in memory's page,
The tear-drop glistens on your grave;
And o'er yon green in hoary age,
Shall the soul's silent cypress wave!
For grief will still its warfare wage,
Though seasons bloom—though years decay—
That night alone can calm its rage,
Which closes Life's eventful day.'

Original Communications.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR,—I feel obliged to your correspondent for the additional particulars which he has furnished respecting this institution, and I am persuaded that in so difficult a task, a few trifling inaccuracies will be considered as somewhat pardonable; and on all such occasions, I must repose myself with humble confidence, upon that very kind, and, to me, very gratifying indulgence, which the public is pleased to extend to my unworthy literary productions.

Your correspondent would have done better had he mentioned the amount subscribed by the scholars for the relief of the sufferers from the battle of Waterloo. He has also omitted to state the value of the Pitt exhibition, to which he alludes in his letter. If the works of Justin, Livy, Herodotus, and Æschylus, be now read at Merchant Taylors', they have been very lately adopted, and they were not in use five years ago. Turnour must be a very great favourite with your correspondent, otherwise he would not have mentioned his name in so flattering a manner; perhaps it is my want of discrimination which induces me to imagine, that if this illustrious gentleman be a diamond he is a rough one, and if I were called upon to bestow an honourable testimony in favour of any old schoolfellows, it would be in approbation of Hawkins, elected to college many years ago, and also of the author of 'Genius a Vision,' and of the 'Iphigenia of Timanthes,' inserted in a former number of your Chronicle, being the subject for the Newdigate prize, and who has lately honoured with his residence the classic shades of Brazen Nose; in his improving society have I spent many pleasing and I trust not useless hours, and for ought that I know he may be your correspondent.

I have pleasure in adding my humble meed of praise of the talent, affability, fidelity, and discrimination for which Mr. Cherry was distinguished in the exercise of the duties of his important office, and I should be ungrateful if I did not avail myself of this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness which I experienced from him whilst I had the honour of being one of his pupils, and it is my sincere wish, that his son in law and successor Mr. Bel-

lany, may tread in the honourable steps of his respected predecessor.
I have the honour to be,
Your's truly,

Martis, Cal. 13, 1820.

P. S. 'A quondam Merchant Taylor' will be pleased to call at your office for a letter.

ELECTIONEERING; OR, PROMISE AND PERFORM.

A DIALOGUE ON THE CANVAS AND REPRESENTATION.

Perform. Then thou wilt not stay?

Promise. I cannot; my head is in a whirl; I have a million of duties to make.—I have to write letters of obedience and sincerity; to wait on the butcher and chandler,—to bend as low as a Frenchman, and be as voluble as a parrot. But who must answer for thy neglect these last seven years?

Perf. Policy.

Prom. True; say little and do less; thou, like Silence, art a dumb orator; while I have to ascend the hustings like a Roman, to address the populace, under the endearing appellation of gentlemen, who will hiss me, and smile at the countenances which wear the index of discord. I must, in spite of their cries of, off! off! their catecalls and hootings, like a true Spartan, insist and persist, that it is entirely of their pure choice and imposing solicitations that I have the honour to stand in their august and enlightened presence.

Perf. Like those of old, thou standest to acquire a seat; thou debasest thyself to be exalted.

Prom. Just so; and after all I utter and pledge, the result must be left to thee. I am only in the possession of the present.

Perf. The future is mine, hence I never come to a conclusion. Thou must rest, because thou wantest a place; I have wings, therefore I fly, like a shadow before the expectation, in all the pleasing wiles of thy capricious eloquence.

Prom. I shall have to encounter opposition, and shake hands, like a prize-fighter, with my opponent. I must laugh in my wrath.—I must wear the mask of triumph though dejected at heart.—I shall have to face contumely with patience, and submit my professions to the test of truth, because thou didst desert me through all the past.

Perf. Aye; but curtesy, the hopes of another septennial enjoyment, the prospects of becoming a pensioner in the land of gold—

Prom. Are sufficient excitements to try the multitude with forbearance, and when I have the weight of their votes in my scale,—thou and I, like pilgrims destined for a long and opposite journey, through the mysterious dispensations of fate, will separate nor meet again, till such occasions as the present shall require our mutual confidence and especial arrangement.

Perf. Let the babbling crowds complain as they please, indeed thou art a clever fellow.

Prom. Ingenious, perhaps, I may be; and who shall be found among all the selected professors of this insinuating art, without ingenuity?

Perf. Not one. Out of all the self-applauded sons of demagogues, high or low, rich or poor, how few can apply the performance to the promise! One can sit over a newspaper, and cry aloud, if *I* was at the helm; if *I* were selected to investigate; if *I* had the opportunity of recommending, and so on,—what *I* would do!

Prom. Do nothing more than the best of us.

Perf. Why, then, as thou art so feasible, speed thee to thy freemen; overcome them by thy fair illusions; entrance them by thy spells, as every day poets say, and in my name assure them what they may expect! tell them to give thee another trial, although thou have deceived them times gone by; crave their suffrages,—exalt their franchises,—condemn hypocrites, and when thou art declared their favourite, put on thy hat with an air of insignificant importance,—turn on thy heels infinitely obliged,—snap thy fingers over the conquest, and go thy way, and think, speak, and act, just as thou pleasest.

Prom. Thanks for thy advice.

Perf. Adieu, I must leave thee! the contest is begun, and thou wilt be opposed by thy old friend.

J. R. P.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

(Continued from p. 157.)

Nov. 27. The Chancellor, Mr. Pitt, Lord Stafford, and the other members of the cabinet council, waited upon the Prince of Wales at Windsor, and proceeded to examine the King's physicians, and also Dr. Addington, who had visited his Majesty three or four times previous to this inquiry. The four attending physicians having declared his Majesty's malady to be of a species that had not been the subject of their researches, this gentleman, at Mr. Pitt's particular desire, had been called in. It was known, that thirty years had elapsed since Dr. Addington had abandoned the practice of that branch of the medical art now required, and it was more than ten years since he had wholly withdrawn from business.

The result of this examination was a determination to issue summonses to every member in the list of privy counsellors to attend a general meeting on the 3d of December, when a further inquiry respecting medical opinions was intended to be made. It was further resolved, that the King should be removed, as soon as possible, from Windsor to Kew. The considerable diminution of the inconvenient distance from the capital, and the means of taking exercise without being exposed to observation, were great and solid reasons for the change of situation.

Summonses were also issued to the members of the House of Commons, to meet at the Cock Pit in the evening of the 3d of December; and it was expected that some measures would speedily be adopted for supplying the essential chasm which the King's deplorable malady had occasioned in the state.

Consultations were every day held by ministry; and a daily assembly of opposition members took place at Burlington-house. The strength of parliamentary interest was anxiously calculated at both. The wish of opposition was, that the prince might be sole regent, and that he might be invested with every kingly power and function; his royal father being by them considered as virtually defunct.

The partisans of Mr. Pitt advanced, that, in the present case, when the disorder probably was but temporary, arrangements ought to be the same as would have taken place, had his Majesty made an excursion, for a limited time, to his foreign dominions. They contended, that, as in that case, he certainly would have given the Queen supreme power, so, in the present situation, it ought to be vested in her.

The Queen, wholly occupied at this time, by solicitude

for the health and restoration of her august consort, resisted every attempt to engage her in political contests. She positively declared, that the only stipulation she wished to make, was, for permission to watch over his Majesty's safety. The prince's attention to his royal mother and sisters was unremitting; and reciprocal regard and mutual confidence furnished the best consolation to each under the common calamity.

The King expressed great unwillingness to remove from Windsor. But, on Saturday, the 29th of November, the point was happily accomplished. The Queen wrote a letter to his Majesty, entreating him to go to Kew; and some of his attendants gave an unauthorized assurance, that he would there be allowed to see the Queen. It was not, however, till his Majesty had been shown the carriages which conveyed the Queen and the princesses from Windsor, that he consented to leave it. His impatience then became extreme, and his agitation so great, that it was some time doubtful whether the wished removal would be practicable. Something like tranquillity succeeding, his Majesty was placed in the carriage, accompanied in it by General Harcourt, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynne. The motion seemed to compose his mind, and the journey was happily performed.

The sufferings of the Queen and the princesses, on this trying occasion, cannot be described. Uncertain whether the King would follow, yet, satisfied that their departure was the only possible means of inducing his Majesty to remove, they left Windsor, doubtful whether they were not performing an unavailing journey, and their minds tortured with solicitude for what might occur during a cruel interval. If any thing could add to feelings thus acute, it must have been the profound, respectful, silent woe, manifested by every individual of an immense crowd assembled to behold the sad procession.

Either disappointment of the expectation his Majesty had entertained of seeing the Queen on his arrival at Kew, or irritation from exercise long discontinued, produced hurtful effects upon the royal mind, and the succeeding night was passed in a deplorable manner.

December 3d. The examination of the physicians before the privy council, who, on this important occasion, assembled to the extraordinary number of —, ascertaining the nature of the King's malady, and his incapacity to exercise his royal functions, a regency was deemed necessary to supply the deficiency. The result was communicated to the Prince; who waited upon the Queen to apprise her of it, and to declare his intention to assert those pretensions which his situation and age gave him. His Royal Highness added, that if, as he expected, he should be declared sole regent, he should hope her Majesty would take upon herself the sole and absolute care of the King. Her Majesty at this time entertained no other wish, and unequivocally professed her determination to take no part in politics.

His Royal Highness then proceeded to the Duke of Portland, and embracing him most cordially, ' begged that every unpleasant circumstance that had passed between them might be buried in oblivion; assuring his Grace, that he had the highest regard for him, and that he should be happy to receive his assistance, and to depend upon his wisdom in this moment of calamity.'

The genuine urbanity of the Duke's mind rendered this concession ample atonement. His Grace promised to devote himself to the Prince's service; and prepared to

combat the difficulties of arrangements with a zeal inspired rather by the testimony of the Prince's confidence, and the desire to serve dependent friends, than by any immediate wish for power to himself: *that* he had exercised, heretofore, long enough to reach the alloy that lurks under its enchanting surface; and the now opulent state of his fortunes, made emoluments of little account in his scheme of happiness.

December 7th. When the end desired has not been obtained, it is common to condemn the means that have been employed. The King's malady not having abated during the restraints imposed at Windsor, it was judged that the indulgence of a degree of liberty might have produced salutary effects. On his Majesty's removal to Kew, his range was enlarged; and, instead of several persons watching over him, a single page only remained to receive his commands. Two equerries only waited in the antichamber; and the assistance which contingencies might make necessary, was placed out of sight.

After the second day of his Majesty's removal, longer intervals and less violent paroxysms suggested the flattering hope, that change of system had produced beneficial effects; but, on the Thursday, the worst symptoms re-appeared. The night was restless, and the two succeeding days destroyed the dawning hope.

Dr. Willis, who had been sent for from Lincolnshire, first saw his Majesty on Friday the 5th. He scrupled not to blame the delay in calling in practitioners peculiarly devoted to the study of his Majesty's complaint, and he highly condemned the degree of liberty allowed the royal patient. He encouraged the Queen to think that a cure was not improbable; and he represented that it might be rather be expected, as the means peculiarly adapted to the disorder still remained untried. He begged, if his attendance should be commanded, that he might be permitted to act without control. He said, that there was but one method in that complaint, by which the lowest and the highest person could be treated with effect, and that his reputation was too much concerned in the event for him to attempt any thing, if he might not be invested with unlimited powers.

It may be conceived with what anguish her Majesty yielded to this requisition. But her conviction of its propriety fortified the magnanimity that prefers the performance of duties to the indulgence of feelings. It was known to her, that the first principle of Dr. Willis's practice is to make himself formidable, to inspire awe. In these terrible maladies, those who superintend the unhappy patients, must so subjugate their will, that no idea of resistance to their commands can have place in their minds. It was but too obvious, that the long and habitual exercise of high command must increase the difficulty of accomplishing this in the present instance; and an apprehension of the necessity of peculiar rigour, gave all possible aggravation to the Queen's distress.

A council was held at Mr. Pitt's, on Sunday the 7th, at noon. Upon its rising, a messenger was despatched to Kew, with a letter to the Queen. At nine o'clock in the evening of the same day, the Prince of Wales received a letter from her Majesty, in which were strongly expressed sentiments of that prudence, good sense, and maternal and conjugal affection, by which her Majesty's conduct had ever been distinguished. Her Majesty informed the Prince, that she had been applied to, and urged, to take a share in the regency, as the only means of securing to her-

self a certainty of preserving the care of the King's person. But her Majesty added, 'she authorized his Royal Highness to declare, that she would on no account take any share in the political affairs of this kingdom; it being her determination to remain at Kew, or wherever else his Majesty might be, and to devote herself wholly to him, as his friend and companion.'

His Royal Highness's answer, which was immediately returned, contained the most dutiful and tender professions. It concluded with the assurance, that, 'if her Majesty's taking any share in the government of this country, could give her any additional care or authority over his royal father's person, he should be the first to propose its being conferred; but her Majesty being the only person upon whom such a trust ought to devolve, she might assure herself, that she should be considered as his Majesty's sole guardian as long as the unhappy malady should continue.'

December 13th. A great change in the Queen's sentiments became apparent at this time. The neutrality her Majesty had originally adopted was dismissed, and the proceedings of the minister received her approbation and support. Many causes probably combined to produce the alteration. It was said, that apprehension of the abuse of power by opposition had been industriously infused by those whose interest it was to withhold it from them. It was certainly known that her Majesty gave implicit belief to the assurances of Dr. Willis, that the recovery of the royal patient was not only probable, but possibly near at hand. With this persuasion, not only tenderness but wisdom dictated the conduct the Queen pursued. On the other hand, the Prince, confiding in the great and universally acknowledged pre-eminence of Dr. Warren; and remembering, that, to his perspicuity and ingenuousness, he owed the first knowledge of the real cause of his Majesty's indisposition, naturally considered his opinion as entitled to respect and deference. This gentleman, in strong terms, reprobated the assertion of an amended state, and unqualifiedly declared his incredulity respecting a happy issue. Influenced by such contrary impressions, unanimity of sentiment could not be expected. Doubt, distrust, and coldness, unhappily succeeded to the confidence, esteem, and cordial affection, which had hitherto soothed the sorrows of the august relatives of the afflicted monarch.

The King's state, at this time, encouraged no hope of speedy restoration. On Friday and Saturday his Majesty was much indisposed; and on Sunday his situation was deplorable. The coercive waistcoat was found to be insufficient, and a necessity arose of confining the royal sufferer to his bed for several hours. Exhausted strength, by degrees, rendered his efforts less powerful; and the failure of nature, rather than an abatement of the malady, produced an appearance of tranquillity. Violent exertions frequently repeated, long confinements, want of usual air and exercise, produce the most lamentable effects. The flesh, gradually wasted away, had left the bones of every joint hardly covered; and the whole of his Majesty's appearance was become so affecting, that even the chancellor's strong mind was overpowered at the first interview, and a flood of tears witnessed the involuntary sensibility.

Unpleasant altercations had arisen among the physicians. Willis, introduced by Addington, was strongly suspected of circulating reports rather gratifying to the

minister than consonant to truth. He regularly sent to him every night a particular message, and generally by his son. On the 16th, whilst the propositions were debating in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt and his friends declared that that evening, at eleven o'clock, the son of Dr. Willis arrived at the Treasury, with the satisfactory account that a happy change had taken place, and that Dr. Willis considered it as a certain indication of speedy and perfect recovery. Dr. Warren, whose observations on the morning of that day had suggested a very different opinion, was much surprised at this account. He hastened to Kew early on the morning of the 18th. Dr. Willis met him in an anti-chamber; assured him the King was going on vastly well; said he was perfectly composed; and begged that Dr. Warren would not make a point of seeing his Majesty, as his appearance would certainly disturb him. Warren, surprised at this language, desired to see the pages. To his first question, 'How is the King?' the reply was 'Very bad indeed.' To his second, 'What sort of night has his Majesty passed?' 'A terrible one,' was the melancholy answer.

Warren then insisted upon being introduced; and he had the affliction to find the person of the illustrious sufferer under the powerful restriction which violent paroxysms make indispensable.

The sight of Warren produced no painful sensation. The King was not discomposed by it. A partial recollection, operating on an habitual consciousness of dignity, (which never forsook his Majesty in his most unhappy moments,) he was prompted to say, 'I have been very ill indeed, Dr. Warren, and I have put myself into this waistcoat, but it is uneasy to me; will you take it off?' Warren hesitated for a moment; but, attentively surveying the royal sufferer, he perceived that his exhausted strength made the indulgence safe; and he replied, untying the sad bonds, 'Most willingly do I obey you, Sir.'

Warren afterwards remonstrated with Willis upon the disingenuousness of his conduct, and protested that, so long as he should have the honour to retain his appointment to the care of the royal person, he should scrupulously discharge his duty to his Majesty and to the public, whose anxious solicitude entitled them to full and true information respecting his state. Willis then resisting the request to subscribe the bulletin which the attending regular physician conceived to be the proper one, great altercation ensued; but he was at length induced to set his name to that which appeared on the 18th instant.

The perpetual diversity in opinion between the regular physicians and Dr. Willis, was a source of much affliction to the Queen, and of perplexity to the people. The high reputation of the court-physicians, the extensive popularity they had justly acquired, not only amongst the inhabitants of the capital, but throughout the kingdom, gave them great superiority, in the general estimation, in a competition with Dr. Willis, whose retired situation and restricted practice had left him in a state of comparative obscurity.

The Prince, having understood that the chancellor had used some expressions of which he thought he had cause to complain, desired to see his lordship, and generously afforded him an opportunity of vindicating himself, if the rumour were unfounded. The chancellor assured his Royal Highness, that he never had, even in thought, deviated from the very profound respect he owed him. He

begged to know the full extent of what he had been charged with, in the full confidence of being able to exculpate himself. His lordship proceeded to say, that what opinions he had publicly advanced, his legal situation compelled; but that he felt himself strongly devoted to his Royal Highness; and that he might assure himself that he should on no account unite with Mr. Pitt, or enter into any opposition to his Royal Highness's government, when his dismissal, which he saw was at hand, should take place. He should, on the contrary, give it every support in his power; and if, at a future day, his services should be thought of use, he should be happy to offer them. The chancellor spoke of Mr. Pitt as a haughty impracticable spirit, with whom it would be impossible for him ever cordially to unite. He added, that the whole party was split, divided, disunited, in a manner that would prevent their ever acting in opposition with vigour and effect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

IN giving an account of the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius, it is not necessary to recur to former accounts of similar phenomena regarding that mountain. They are, unfortunately, too well known to the least conversant in history, and too legibly written in the ruins of cities which they destroyed, to require any mention here. They began at a time when every circumstance concerning them could be carefully noticed and faithfully recorded, by men of observation and knowledge. The first and most dreadful occurred in the year 79 or 80 of the Christian era. It was preceded by an earthquake, which destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, so celebrated for their late exhumation, and for the treasures of antiquity which they have afforded, or offer to afford. The ashes which issued from the mountain were carried to Rome, and even, it is said, to Africa. Since that time there have been about forty eruptions of this volcano. In that of 1794, which was the most terrible and destructive, the lava took the same direction as in November last, flowing towards Torre del Greco and destroying a great extent of vineyards. The following account of the last eruption of this mountain is extracted from a German paper, and will be read with interest, though the phenomenon which it describes was attended by none of those calamities which usually give them a hold on the attention:—

' Naples, Dec. 7.

Although Vesuvius for the last thirteen months has never ceased to pour forth streams of lava, its activity is now rather increased. The eruption of the 25th of November was much greater than any for the last two years. It commenced during a terrible storm, amid showers of rain, snow, and hail, accompanied by a hurricane blowing from the south, and violent peals of thunder. On the previous day strong explosions, which excited dismay in the neighbourhood, were heard in the crater. About four o'clock in the morning they were strongest, and a smart shock of an earthquake, which was felt as far as Naples, accompanied them. At the same time there rose from the mouth of the crater an immense pillar of fire, and a powerful stream of boiling lava rolled down the dark sides of the mountain with such velocity, that it traversed a space of more than a mile in less than an hour; and being divided into two streams, arrived before noon at the foot of the mountain, where it threatened with destruction Torre del Greco and Torre del l'Annunziata. In the latter place are singularly situated the manufactory of gunpowder, and the only foun-

dery which the kingdom contains. Luckily the streams of lava, which had previously been cooled by their long passage from their source, were lost in numerous ravines, and did not reach the vineyards of the district, so that no damage was sustained. M. de Gimbernath, who followed the progress of that extraordinary course of eruptions which began on the twentieth of October, 1818, observed the present one from a near point of view. He observed that the stream of lava burst forth from a new chasm, which, like that of the twenty-eighth of July last, had been formed upwards of 100 feet from the rim of the crater by the falling in of a considerable portion of its southern side. The breadth of the fiery stream which burst through this opening amounted to twenty-five feet; but in its descent its breadth was doubled. It then divided itself into two branches; the largest precipitated itself into an abyss with high walls, and formed a cascade of liquid fire, of twenty-five feet in height, and twenty feet in breadth. After this fall, the liquid lava was collected in the hollow under the old lava, like a flood under a bridge. It then descended from this first stage, to precipitate itself into another ravine, where it formed a second fiery cascade, not so high as the former, but broader. Here it was lost for a quarter of an hour in a cavity, which it then left, to form a third fall of more than sixty feet perpendicular descent, and of thirty feet in breadth. After this last cascade, the fiery torrent continued rolling on in a straight line for a quarter of an hour, over a rough surface; and when it arrived at a small hill, at the foot of the great Vesuvian pyramid, it separated itself into branches, which again subdivided themselves into minute rills, and were lost in hollows at the foot of the mountain. Such is the wonderful view which Vesuvius presented for the last eleven days; for although the velocity and quantity of the lava have been much diminished since the 28th of November, it still continues to flow from the cleft of the crater, and has within these two days advanced still lower. The activity in the interior of the volcano, to judge by the thundering noise which is heard upon approaching it, appears as great as ever. A few days before the last eruption M. de Gimbernath carried a barometer to the highest point of Vesuvius. He found by means of this instrument that the height of the mountain since last January had diminished more than sixty feet by the frequent falling of the crater. After this observation it became still further diminished, as even the pinnacle on which the barometer was then fixed has fallen into the interior of the crater within these two days. It is remarkable, that, notwithstanding the extraordinary activity of Vesuvius, and its unceasing eruptions, the fountains which M. de Gimbernath discovered a year ago under the caverns of the old crater, continue unchanged to yield a pure and drinkable water. On the other hand, a second fountain which he since discovered twenty paces from the former, yields a water powerfully impregnated with caloric acid, the copiousness of which varies from day to day, according to the activity of the volcano.'

Original Poetry.

TO —.

THO' now thy raven ringlets play
In sportive curls on zephyr's wing,—
Yet, should'st thou live to see the day,
When time shall change those locks to grey,
A glance upon their altered hue
Will place me in thy mental view,
And many thoughts of sadness bring;
Thou'lt think upon our days of love,
And all the anguish thou hast cost me;
Thou'lt turn thy weeping eyes above,
And sigh to think that though hast lost me.

Tho' now thy dimpling smile may dance,
 In seeming brightness, on thy brow,
 And love still live within thy glance,
 As when thou didst my soul entrance;
 Thy smiles of winning witchery
 But cloak a heart of treachery;
 For thorns beneath thy roses grow!
 When age shall steel thy looks of love,
 Thou'lt weep, for having early cross'd me,
 And deepest pangs of mis'ry prove,
 For having vainly idly lost me.

Y. F.

Queen Street, Cheapside.

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RHYMES.

HUGH asked a rhyme for 'Cupid,'  
 I answered drily—'stupid!'  
 He would have rhyme for 'Dock Head;'  
 Then chanced to pass  
 The tall pier glass,  
 And in it laughing, by the mass!  
 I bid him look for 'Blockhead!'

*Plymouth, 1820.* NUMSKULL.

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A DREAM OF MEMORY.

Inscribed to Allan Edwards, now of the West Indies.

Who says that dreams are visionary things,
 Nor thinks that life itself is but a dream;
 Who spurns the awakened slumbering, which brings
 Back to the soul its best-beloved theme;
 Who of the sunshine of the past one gleam
 Desires not; who would plod his weary way
 'Mid cheerless, barren wilds, which memory's stream
 May ne'er refresh;—oh, not for him this lay—
 Another eye than his shall my poor toil repay.
 There's magic in a dream of other times,
 Though in its very nature not to last;
 It heightens good deeds, and e'en softens crimes,
 For all we do is hallowed when 'tis past.
 There's sweetness when the frame, by sleep o'er-cast,
 Allows the soul to wander unconfin'd;
 When from its waking sorrows fleeing fast,
 In other climes an early friend to find,
 And meet and mingle with a sympathizing mind.
 Allan! lost joys returned to me last night—
 I liv'd anew o'er moments that are gone;
 Again our happy hearth enkindled bright,—
 Its rays upon united friendship shone,
 There, in the corner you had made your own,—
 In your own chair you sat; and counted o'er
 The perils you had past in deserts lone;
 Loves you had felt, but were to feel no more—
 While ever and anon the gladsome laugh would pour.
 Now from the melancholy *Childe* we take
 Large draughts of inspirations, in his woe
 We more than share, and in our bosoms make
 A refuge for the wanderer;—now we glow
 While on "*the field of skulls*" he stands to shew
 How vain man's mightiest efforts, and how vain
 His pampered dreams of glory; this to know
 As he instilled the knowledge, made us fain
 Deem that huge worshipped phantom but a stain
 On England's fair escutcheon; and that guilt—
 Tyrannic guilt was master in that field
 Where so much young and faintless blood was spilt,
 And freedom's unbought champions taught to yield:
 Thus was the exiled bard's high power revealed—
 Thus even English prejudices hushed;—
 Before a mighty ruin thus we kneeled,
 Where all that life had given—time had crushed,
 But yet where Heaven's high tide of inspiration rushed.

Again the scene is changed, and then you sit,
 Amid a crowd of beauties—all are young,
 And one how passing fair!—around her flit
 Shadows of loveliness, and from her tongue
 Fall words of sweetness, which, like odours flung
 Upon the ever patient amorous air,
 O'ercome us with their gentle power; they've clung
 For years to my fond memory,—'spite of care
 And long disquiets—they—they still are there!
 It grieves me, Allan, to the very heart
 To think how few the joys that we could steal
 From Life's dark page;—yet we had got the start
 Even of Time; and more than some may feel
 (For constant joy doth human love congeal)
 For friends who cling and cherish them for aye—
 Our voiceless looks of sorrow did reveal—
 When, doomed, alas, to wander far away,
 We saw thee in thy bark o'er the wide waters stray.
 And thou art gone—yet there remaineth still
 Thy better part—thy soul is ever here;—
 And let thy fortune cast thee where it will,
 That soul will never find a home so dear.
 Oh, how that home fond recollections cheer
 Of hours that by thy presence were made gay;—
 Again in youthful bloom dost thou appear—
 Again the vision melts in air away,
 We 'wake—reality commands—and we obey.

J. W. D.

Dec. 1819.

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Fine Arts.

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MR. HOBDAY'S HEBE.

OF all the pleasing subjects to which an artist can devote his pencil, 'Hebe,' although a single figure, is one of the most interesting. If oil-paintings were not so very fashionable, doubtless the half-length Hebe, by Thomson, would ornament many a parlour. Mr. Hobday's Hebe is a full-length figure, and we think that the artist has succeeded very well in his conception of the celestial cup-bearer. The features of Mr. Hobday's Hebe are bolder and more expressive than that first mentioned, which possesses, perhaps, too great a timidity of character for her office, although we allow that she has great beauty. The Romans regarded Hebe as the illustrious goddess of eternal youth and immortal joy, and as such Mr. Hobday has successfully represented her.

We might almost assert with Milton, that she is 'quaffing immortality and joy.' She is the very handmaiden of bounty—the goddess of youth—the mistress of pleasure—the nymph of beauty—the ornament of grace—worthy to be the illustrious cup-bearer to the imperial heathen god. Although there is in this picture neither scowling terror nor awful grandeur, yet a portion of sublimity pervades the whole. It possesses no fantastic display of preposterous ornament, but it has genuine grace, pure taste, and pleasing beauty. Hebe is bland, graceful, beautiful, courteous, dignified, and undismayed. Her beautiful hair, tinged with golden lustre, and tied with a sapphiric band, flows gracefully on the ambient air. Her interesting countenance is very expressive of generosity, dignity, and joy. The elegant arrangement of her drapery sets off the beauty of her person, and invests her form with very distinguishing attraction. Her vestment is white, elegantly fastened across the neck, with a string of pearls. She stands upon and is surrounded with aerial clouds, behind which the bright cœrulean blue enlivens the com-

position. Her vestment is tastefully fastened to the right knee, by a clasp. A light carmine gauze veil flows gracefully around her form, without concealing the modest charms of her beautiful person. She wears sandals, elegantly tied. In her left hand, uplifted over her head, she bears the golden cup, out of which she has poured the nectar into the bowl. To the left of Hebe is the imperial bird of heaven, drinking nectar out of the bowl which Hebe presents to him, and clasping in his claws celestial fire, which illumines the clouds beneath. The figure of the bird, although not of an improper extraordinary size, is forcible and majestic. The clouds above are darkened, for the purpose of giving effect to the objects beneath. We hail the present as an auspicious omen of Mr. Hobday's historical talents.

There is in the same room, a well-finished small full-length of — Rothschild, Esq., seated in his parlour, much to be admired, as well for its composition, as for its excellent resemblance. There is also a very interesting and clever portrait, by Mr. Hobday, of Elizabeth Honeywood, the wonderful little calculating girl, of the age of twelve years, whose astonishing powers of calculation equal those of Bidder, the celebrated calculating boy. She is represented in the act of exercising her mental powers upon the subject of that calculation purely mental, and without any mechanical assistance of transcribing figures, which, to others than herself, would be extremely intricate, and we may truly add, impossible. Her hands are crossed in the attitude of resting them. Her countenance displays pleasing intelligence and acute mental powers. We have seen the child, and can, therefore, speak with confidence as to the resemblance, which is strikingly accurate. The posture of the figure is the most natural and interesting which could be devised for the subject; and we trust, from the general excellence of this production, that an engraving will be executed for the public, since it would doubtless meet with much success, and be highly gratifying.

VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

THE first part of this work, engraved by Mr. Cooke, from drawings by Mr. Turner, R. A., together with historical and topographical descriptions, by Mr. Reinagle, A. R. A., has much merit. 'Battel Abbey, the spot where Harold fell,' would prove to the pencil of many artists, an uninteresting subject. A dead wall, trees, and weeds, are the only objects in the foreground. But the vigorous pencil of Mr. Turner has overcome this difficulty, and he has ably imparted to the subject not a small degree of interest. The greyhound darting at the hare, is one of the most appropriate subjects which could be introduced into such a scene, to enliven its want of interest, and to remind the observer of the royal blood which was spilt on the very same spot. The violent commotion in the clouds displays a passing storm. 'Brightling Observatory, as seen from Rosehill Park' is a clever scene. The gardener's house embosomed in the thicket in the middle ground, and the country girl attentively engaged upon her ballad, are pleasing objects. 'The Vale of Ashburnham' is a delightful scene. Men loading a cart with timber, lessen the deadness of the foreground. In the centre, the fine seat of Lord Ashburnham attracts the eye of the spectator, near which the curling smoke rising amidst the trees, points out the distant cottage. In the distance is Beachy Head. 'Pevensey Bay, as seen

from Crowhurst Park,' is delicately and beautifully depicted. The flock of sheep reposing themselves upon the delightful herbage, and the labourer's implements of husbandry, add interest to the foreground. To the left, is the villa of Crowhurst. In the distance is the bay, bounded by the celebrated cliff of Beachy-head. The last engraving is the 'Vale of Heathfield,' to the left of which, surrounded by trees, is the villa of Heathfield, once the seat of Lord Heathfield. The meandering path leading to the church marks the distant scene.

We contemplate the present work with lively feelings of admiration, which increase by observation and knowledge. The most romantic scenery is selected and a beautiful picturesque effect is displayed in every view. We have never witnessed a work of this description which afforded us greater pleasure. Mr. Turner has herein displayed great skill and warm conception; and Mr. Cooke has most skilfully executed the engravings, in the very first style of the art. The notices and descriptions, by Mr. Reinagle, are elegantly written.

It would be injustice not to mention the name of John Fuller, of Rose Hill, Esq., under whose kind and liberal patronage this work is presented to the public.

At the end of this first part, is a very interesting account of the Battle of Hastings.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.

A portrait of the late Duke of Kent is just published, from the picture by Dawe; it wants dignity and princely spirit—qualities which are always expected in royal personages.

The portrait of the Duchess, from the same artist, is much more pleasing and is well executed.

WORKS OF HOGARTH.

We are gratified to find that the works of Hogarth are to be re-engraved, from the original plates, formerly in the possession of Messrs. Boydell and others. The engravings are to be produced under the superintendence of Mr. Heath, R. A., whilst the literary or descriptive department is conducted by Mr. Nichols, F. A. S., L., E., & P. It has long been a matter of regret to us, that the very humorous and moral productions of this master of caricature, should have been sacrificed to the graving tools of many an ignorant apprentice, instead of being undertaken by some men of talent, capable of doing justice to the originals. We have also regretted the small size of many of the copies of Hogarth, who, being minutely particular in adding every pin or straw which could set off his subjects, required that his pictures should not be of very small dimensions. Mr. Heath has announced his modest intention of strictly adhering to every line worked by the etching tools of Hogarth, in all cases in which the originals can be procured; and he intends only retouching and strengthening the plates where necessary. The whole series is to occupy twenty-two numbers, comprising about one hundred and ten plates, and containing about one hundred and fifty subjects. The satirist, the caricaturist, and the moralist, may congratulate themselves upon the justice which will be hereby rendered to the respective works of Hogarth. The unfinished engravings which we have seen, are favourable specimens of the spirited and correct style of execution which Mr. Heath intends pursuing. We were particularly pleased with the clever head of 'Garrick, as Richard the Third,' bearing an ex-

cellent resemblance to the most authentic portraits of that distinguished actor. We trust that the literary department will be equally well conducted.

MR. WEST.

WE have the misfortune to announce the decease of this very worthy and very able artist, whose long life was most zealously devoted to the arduous labours of his professional pursuits, and who, to the very end of his career of glory, extended his fostering arm to encourage latent genius and rising talent; we shall take a future occasion of alluding to him more fully, and we trust, that the surviving officers of the Royal Academy will devise some honourable testimony of their regret. * * T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The monotony which too much pervades the management of this theatre, has been relieved during the past week, by the performance of the comedy of *A Cure for the Heart Ache*. The company at this theatre is admirably calculated for such pieces; and the comedy could scarcely have been better cast. Munden's Old Rapid possessed all the genuine humour which this excellent actor never fails to impart to characters of this class. Mr. Elliston played Young Rapid with great vivacity, and reminded us of an earlier period of his histrionic career. The Frank Oatland of Knight, has long been without a rival; the rustic simplicity and honest affection of Frank was portrayed with great felicity. In the scene where Vortex has left his purse as a snare, he exhibited some of the best acting we ever saw,—acting it was not—it was nature itself. His taunting reproach to Vortex, for having 'left a purse in the way of a young man who had a father and a sister starving,' made a powerful impression on the audience, and was followed by a burst of applause. Vortex was very well sustained by Gattie. Mrs. Egerton, as Miss Vortex; Mrs. Robinson, as Ellen; and Mrs. Mardyn, as Jesse Oatland, sustained their respective characters with great ability. The comedy was received with great approbation, and was announced for repetition on Thursday, amidst tumults of applause.

The tragedy of *King Lear*, which, on account of peculiar circumstances, has not been performed for many years, is preparing for representation at this theatre. The aged and afflicted monarch will find a powerful representative in Mr. Kean.

ORATORIO.—As these performances approach their termination, they increase in attraction. On Wednesday night, the Oratorio presented the utmost variety of selection. Mrs. Salmon, whose other engagement prevents her from remaining longer than the first act at this theatre, sung '*My Lodging is on the cold ground*,' with the most happy effect, and was loudly encored. She was equally successful in the duet *Con Pazienza*, from *Il Fanciullino*, with Ambrogetti. Madame Bellocchi was absent, on account of indisposition: Miss Tree was her substitute in several pieces, which she executed with great taste. But, perhaps the greatest treat of the evening was Mr. Braham, in *Luther's Hymn*, from the *Redemption*, of Handel, accompanied, as he was, on the organ, by Sir George Smart, whose superiority was strikingly evident. The hymn was unanimously encored. The house was

very crowded, the pit in particular, to which the orchestra was added.

COVENT GARDEN.—The 'three most attractive and popular pieces ever produced in one season,' as the playbills inform us, continue to be performed at this theatre.

The oratorio, on Friday night, consisted of a selection of 'classical music;' including *Auld Robin Gray* and *Sweet Bird*, (both very 'classical,' certainly!) which were delightfully sung by Miss Stephens; in the latter she was accompanied by Nicholson, on the flute, which heightened the effect of her charming strains. The *Last Words of Marmion* was executed by Braham, in a style worthy of his high reputation; but, on the whole, the evening's entertainments were not well selected, and went off very tamely.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Oratorio of Friday, the 10th inst., at this theatre, reflects additional credit on the abilities of the performers and the liberality of the proprietors. Since the preceding week, much improvement has been made in the instrumental department, and Mr. G. Ware, on this evening, played a *Capriccio* on the violin, in which he introduced the popular duet of *All's Well*, with variations; it was executed with great skill, and was rapturously applauded. The beautiful voice of Master Hyde was pleasingly displayed in the air—*Bright Seraphims*, which he repeated, accompanied on the trumpet, by Mr. Hyde. The new *Loyal Effusion*, composed by Mr. G. Ware, and of which we think very highly, was repeated by his pupil, and gave great satisfaction; the concluding chorus part is particularly grand. The house was crowded in every part, and we anticipate that the Coburg Oratorios will become highly popular.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Mr. Bywater has constructed a small model of a ship, in such a manner as to exhibit, by actual experiment, the principal magnetic phenomena mentioned by Capt. Flinders.

Portable reservoirs of hot-water for sale have been contrived and brought into use at Paris. The inventor, M. Valette, has reduced the consumption of fuel to the least possible quantity required to produce a certain effect. He kindles a fire in a stove surrounded by a great mass of water, and by dexterous management, raises this mass to 90° of heat in a few minutes, and at trifling expense. This machine being placed on wheels, the proprietor loses no time; his water heating as he travels, is soon in a state of ebullition. He offers to contract on the lowest terms with all persons wanting hot water, whether for scrubbing houses, washing of linen, boiling, brewing, or personal cleanliness. As personal bathing is much practised at Paris, M. Valette carries with him what he calls a *bagnoire*, made of varnished leather, supported by slight iron bars. The patent has been extended to England, and promises great utility.

An experiment was lately made in Paris, in presence of a committee named by the minister at war. A marmite was placed on a carriage, in which was put 500 quarts of water, 300 lb. of beef, with vegetables in proportion. The fire was lighted at nine a. m.: it was then drawn about Paris, and at half past two the meat and soup was ready. There was no loss from evaporation; 52 lb. of *bois blanc* only was employed, and there was enough left to have made it boil two hours longer. Now 26 lb. of coal would have been sufficient. These marmites, pots, or kettles, may be shaken about without injury; so that cooking may be effected on board ship in any weather.

In consequence of the frequent imperfection of the common

stop-cock for the retention of condensed gaseous matter, Sig. Crivelli, professor of natural philosophy at Milan, has invented another, which is supposed to be free from the objections that may be made to the first. It consists of a box and plug, both of the usual form; also a conical valve and a spring tube.

Solar Eclipse next September.—The solar eclipse, which will happen on Thursday, Sept. 7, 1820, will be the greatest of all those which have happened in this part of Europe ever since the year 1764, and, indeed, of all those which will again happen here before the year 1847. Like the two eclipses just alluded to, it will be *annular*; that is, the disc of the moon will not wholly cover the disc of the sun; but, in certain parts of the earth, the sun will shew the appearance of an annulus, or ring, round the body of the moon; the position and magnitude of which will depend on the situation of the spectator. In no part of England will this annular appearance be observed; it will be seen, however, in the Shetland Islands. On the continent, in any part of that track of country which extends nearly in a straight line from the north of Westphalia to the south of Italy, the inhabitants will have an opportunity of beholding this singular phenomenon.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Electioneering Address.—The George Town, South Carolina Gazette, gives the following as a literal copy of a hand bill, posted up in one of the United States, by a facetious old Frenchman, who keeps a ferry:—

'My name is Johnny Conte!
I candidate for de semble,
Any one he vote for me,
He passa my ferry free!'

Horsemanship.—Charles II. and several of his nobles rode at the coronation five horses without making a previous inquiry whether they had been trained to endure drums and music. The Duke of York was thrown twice, and the King was in great danger till he commanded the music to cease.

History, says John de Serres, is the theatre of man's life, the testimony of truth, the recorder of justice, the register of honour, the trumpet of fame, the controller of times, the rendezvous of divers events, the school of good and evil, and the sovereign judge of all men and all exploits.

Gallant Interference.—In the battle between Lord Hawke and the French, the gallant Admiral finding so much to depend on the capture of the French Admiral's ship, the *Soleil Royale*, desired to be laid along side her, but the pilot hesitatingly replied, that he feared to do so from the rocky shoals of the coast, off which the battle raged. Hawke, however, was not to be dissuaded, and bore down upon her, with every gun double shotted. The captain of a French 74 gun ship, the *Surveillante*, aware of Hawke's design, gallantly threw his ship between Hawke and the French Admiral, in time to receive Lord Hawke's fire, which saved the French Admiral, but sent the *Surveillante*, and every soul on board, to the bottom.

Anecdote of Mr. Planta.—When the Emperor Alexander visited the British Museum, he was attended by Mr. Planta, the librarian, and, on the monarch's saying that the museum at Paris contained more curiosities, Mr. Planta very pointedly observed, 'Your Majesty should consider that we have nothing here but what has been honestly bought and paid for.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'A Quondam Merchant Taylor' and Mr. Dalby are requested to send to our office for letters.

C. E. on the 'British Gallery,' 'Rural Life,' 'Love and Pru-

dence,' Tyro, and the 'Petition of the Parts of Speech Society,' in our next.

Adolescentulus may become a poet in time; at present his verses, though creditable to a boy, are too crude to stand the test of public criticism.

We received I's Lines on Signor Torri, but we think he would hardly be flattered by a compliment in doggrel verse.

Errata: p. 154, col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, for 'eloquence' read 'elegance'; p. 155, col. 1, l. 4, for 'pass' read 'pall'; p. 159, col. 1, l. 21, for 'countenance' read 'countenance of Christ'; after l. 22, read '*** T.'

Our Third Monthly Part is published this day.

EUCLID, BY CRESWELL.

This day was published, in one thick Volume, 8vo. price 14s. boards, **A TREATISE OF GEOMETRY**, containing the first Six Books of Euclid's Elements, methodically arranged, and concisely demonstrated; together with the Elements of Solid Geometry. By D. CRESWELL, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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This day was published, in three Vols. 12mo. price 21s. boards, **GLENFERGUS. A Novel.**—'In books of tales and adventures, the knowledge is threefold: first, of the skill and capacity of the author; secondly, of the matter whereof he treats; and, thirdly, of the reader, who, according as there is in himself, will find more or less in the book; and, if he be of malicious nature, he will fancy he sees in itslanders which were never intended.'

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London: Published by Pinnock and Maunders, 267, St. Clement's Church Yard, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers.

This day is published, by John Chappell and Son, 98, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, **THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN, a Ballad; and other POEMS.** By J. M. BARTLETT. Price 6s. boards.

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Gold and Northhouse's London Mag. Jan. 1820.

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